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“LITERATURE OF NATION.”

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The beautiful and unique interpretation of the spirit of peace hovering over a troubled world, reproduced on the cover, is from a design by EINAR JÓNSSON, best known to readers of the REVIEW as a sculptor. It has been painted by the artist for a church in Reykjavik.

The return of MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN after eleven years as American Minister to Denmark is a gain for the literary world of his own country. "A Glimpse of Modern Danish Art" is the first of several prose contributions from his pen which the REVIEW hopes to publish.

HANS AANRUD is represented in English only by his charming little story "Lisbeth Longfrock," published by Ginn and Company in a translation by Laura E. Poulsen—a book that is worth bringing to mind now at Christmas time. Aanrud is the author of several collections of short stories from Norwegian peasant life and is one of the most original of the present generation of writers in Norway.

FRODE C. W. RAMBUSCH comes of distinguished Danish ancestry. He is deeply interested in the history of the Scandinavian countries and in particular in everything that demonstrates the essential unity of the three races. In his New York home he has a large collection of historical works. Mr. Rambusch was president of the American-Scandinavian Society in the years 1916 and 1917.

ADOLPH BURNETT BENSON, instructor at Yale University, is the author of *Swedish Romanticism* and has lectured frequently on Scandinavian, principally Swedish topics. Dr. Benson is now engaged in translating for the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS Almqvist's *Det går an* and shorter stories.

N. V. BOEG was commercial advisor to the Danish Legation during the time when negotiations between our Government and Denmark were carried on in Washington preparatory to the present agreement. Mr. Boeg has now returned to Denmark.

The poem by HOLGER DRACHMANN, the great Danish lyrict, is one of a manuscript collection of translations by J. Buntzen. Mr. Buntzen has rendered into English poems by Grundtvig, Oehlenschläger, Jacobsen, H. C. Andersen, Wessel, Baggesen, and others yet unknown to the English public.



Bertel Thorvaldsen, Sculptor

MONUMENT TO PRINCE POTOCKI

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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A Glimpse of Modern Danish Art

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Part I

IT is remarkable how little the Danish painters and sculptors have been affected by the various schools of German art. Denmark is geographically a part of Germany, and yet no country can be more different in its national aspirations and their expression. There is small doubt that art in Germany—and in this assertion I include, in a lesser manner, Austria—is, unlike music, something exotic, but in Denmark art is a national expression. It is not my intention in this paper to deal with the art of Sweden, which has produced Zorn, one of the greatest portrait-painters in the world of to-day, nor with that of Norway, where Munch frightened the conservatives by his audacity, but only with the spirit and performance of some representative Danish painters and sculptors. Among these I perhaps might include Einar Jónsson, the Icelander, but the Icelanders are so proud that I fear they would blame me for classing him as a Dane, even in the universal school of art. Their greatest sculptor, Jónsson, whose *Troll and the Maiden* bid fair before the war to become almost as popular as Bornsen's *Bather*, is influenced more by Rodin than by any other sculptor. It may be that Jónsson would object to being classed as one of the disciples of Rodin. He would probably say that he represents only himself and that strange, weird, half-articulate, and prophetic spirit which is Iceland. Nevertheless, if he is not a disciple of Rodin, his point of view of the things of the spirit is very like that of Rodin. The war has so far not impeded the evolution of Danish art—an evolution which is slow, with now and then a strange, unexpected bound either forward or backward. These bounds are caused by the influence of the very advanced school of French art or by a reaction to a school so conservative that it almost resembles that of Horace Vernet.

In sculpture there is little such reaction. Thorvaldsen, to whom a temple of sculpture—his Pantheon—has been erected in Copenhagen, is not scorned because he is radically different from Rodin and the moderns. The Glyptotek, the New Carlsberg, with its fine Rodins, is not a rival of Thorvaldsen's museum, not the house of an enemy in conflict with the older ideas, but a progressive continuation of them. To make a bold simile: it is what Christianity should be to a Judean, a continuation with an immense difference. The elder classic style of Thorvaldsen, which reached its highest point in the *Jason*, was sure of most things. Its curves are beautiful, unbroken, and never abrupt. Its canons seemed immutable; it was the spirit of the classic school it represented, rather than the soluble qualities of the individual. What was not Greek in the compositions of Thorvaldsen was somewhat Italian of the Renaissance, and yet there is no piece of sculpture of his in the Copenhagen Pantheon which would make one believe that he had ever seriously considered the *Slave* of Michelangelo or the action of his *Sibyls*. Bissen, his best pupil, is even more "faultily faultless" and "icily regular" than Thorvaldsen, though he is never "splendidly null." Jerichau's *Adam and Eve* and the *Man with the Panther* show a tendency to break away from classic influences. In Sinding—let us take the *Two Human Beings*, for instance—we find Scandinavian sculpture at its best.

If the existence of Thorvaldsen, who is looked on even by every Danish peasant as an essential part of Danish national culture, had not kept admiration for the plastic art alive, the encouragement to the love of sculpture given by Jacobsen's great foundation, the New Carlsberg Glyptotek, would have been alone sufficient to induce people of artistic inclinations to imitate and to love some of the best examples of modern plastic art. The Jacobsens, grandfather, father, and sons, are in a newer way the Medici of Copenhagen.

The first Jacobsen introduced the making of beer into Denmark; he carried the yeast in a satchel from Germany early in the last century, and from this germ, cultivated by a man of the finest ideals, the greatest encouragement to both science and art has come! The Carlsberg breweries practically exist in order that old buildings may be restored, and churches erected, that scientists, artists, poets, and research workers may be supported, and men like the philosopher Harald Höffding* live in fitting dignity in their old age, not because they are poor, but because they have done great work in the intellectual world.

It is generally supposed that academies of art, founded and supported by States, are slow to acknowledge artistic innovations. This is not true of the National Academy of Art in Denmark. There was, some years ago, a revolt against the Academy, headed by Wil-

* Höffding's last work is *Bergson's Philosophy*.



Painting by C. W. Eckersberg

PICTURE OF THE NATHANSON FAMILY

lumsen, which found expression in the erection of a rival exhibition, called "The Free"; but of late even this has become too classic for some of the younger and more temperamental artists, who prefer to be untrammelled, and they have set up a small exhibition of their own.

The spirit of Copenhagen in its view of art is very eclectic. It would be untrue to say that the art of painting and sculpture is not judged by rather severe canons; but there is, perhaps, a greater flexibility of individual judgment or opinion than one finds in other capitals. Dozens of young artists in sculpture, painting, or music give exhibitions on their own account at any time they choose, and there will always be some amateurs who attend these exhibitions in the hope of finding a picture to suit their taste. For instance, a young architect of reputation, Caius Novi, quietly developed his talent for water-colors; he offered a little exhibition to the public, a collection consisting of the reproduction of local scenes, very modestly and truly conceived. The authorities, classic or free, have not recognized his existence, and yet he has more orders than he can fill. There are many similar cases. But the prices obtained by these younger people are not so great as the younger artist in America expects even for his fairly good maiden efforts.

A clever artist in sculpture is Mrs. Lithgow Osborne, born



Painting by Kr. Zahrtmann

THE DEATH OF QUEEN SOPHIE AMALIE

Countess Raben-Levetzau. She has exhibited successfully in the Academy, a bronze bull of hers having excited very favorable attention; but her latest productions seem to be considered rather too classical for the present tastes of the committee of the Academy, who are becoming more and more "advanced." Her large statues of the gods and goddesses of the garden have already been sold. As she is now an American, having recently married the son of Thomas Mott Osborne of Auburn, New York, she is likely to be heard of in our country.

There are two Danish colorists who provoke constant interest

and analytical criticism. The recent death of Zahrtmann left only one of these, Jens Ferdinand Willumsen. There was nothing in common between Zahrtmann and Willumsen except their personal point of view in the use of color. Willumsen is a modern of the moderns, while Zahrtmann, born in 1843, belonged to a conservative school. If it is the greatest quality of an artist to depict things as he sees them, not as the majority of people *think* that they see them, these two painters are supreme in their art. Zahrtmann, for example, riots in color. He glows; he throws dashes of amethyst and ruby into your face, and yet veils his splendors with a mauve tint entirely his own. Zahrtmann's admirers or critics say that he sees color in that way, or that it is Zahrtmann's mannerism. It is true that Zahrtmann revels in color, but not in order to conceal his lack of technique. He loves color, as most of the Danish painters do, although they are as a rule very moderate in the use of it; Zahrtmann fascinates you, in spite of his tendency to be, what shall I call it?—bizarre—and then apparently he attempts to put out the flames he has raised with his perpetual mauve mist. It seems a pity that Zahrtmann's pictures are not better known in this country. Many of us may think that his attraction is due to his tricks of color, which some of us might resent, although at present the popular taste seems to be running to a mania for solid color, to which a blaze of geraniums and petunias in the hottest sunshine would not be disagreeable! Zahrtmann painted by preference a small range of Danish historical subjects—notably of Leonora Christina, the daughter of Christian the Fourth. The most characteristic of the series is that which depicts the death of her sworn enemy, Queen Sophie Amalie, cursing the imprisoned Leonora Christina with her last breath. It is realistic, terrible, fascinating; it is death itself in a riot of color, almost barbaric.

Willumsen, who has tremendous force as a



Painting by Kr. Zahrtmann

LEONORA CHRISTINA IN PRISON



Painting by J. F. Willumsen

AFTER THE STORM

and the constantly changing shadows of the clouds; the summers are short, but warm while they last.

The Danes love the water in the summer-time; they are famous for their swimming contests. The whole population rushes to the waterways in order to enjoy the coolness of their heritage—the heritage of the Vikings—the sea; and there is none of that modesty or prudishness that prevents the exhibition of the human figure in the waves. One of the most charming sights in the summer is the frequent groups of bathing boys and the tints of their skins against the noonday or early afternoon sun, and the changing hues of the water are beautiful beyond belief. Several Danish painters of importance have attempted to depict these scenes, but none has as yet quite succeeded; for, curiously enough, even in the interiors, color seems to be too moderately applied. The Danish painter appears as a rule to be afraid of it, or when he does use it to conventionalize it. Willumsen has made several charming groups of the nude boys in the sea, but he sees color after the manner of Willumsen. Even some of his admirers, and the number of his admirers is growing, declare that he cannot see the sun unless he uses "metaphysical black glasses." I cannot go so far as that, but I must confess that his curious tendency to

sculptor, is best known in the art of painting through his *Mountain Girl*, which is evidently a portrait of his artistic and sympathetic wife. No country in the world shows in the summer-time more lovely contrasts of darkness and light than in the waters around the various islands that make up the country of Denmark. The water, in the Sound especially, seems to be sensitively flexible to each color-echo of the slightest varying tints caused by the sun

see color and light in a way that never was on sea or land is irritating; yet it is an irritation that does not blind observers of my kind to the fact that he is entirely genuine and sincere. As an example of this, to turn to sculpture, one has only to consider Willumsen's statue of Hörup in the King's garden in Copenhagen. You feel that he has represented the model in a moment of revolutionary ecstasy; and, if you hold that art should suggest beauty as well as force, you will say to Willumsen, as I once said, "It is shocking." To which he answered calmly, "I intend it to be shocking." It is a counterfeit presentment which has added very much to his reputation. It is curious that Willumsen, who fifteen years ago was looked on as almost as advanced as it was possible to be, is now beginning to be ranked among the younger set as one of the conservatives.

Two artists who seem to have nothing in common with Willumsen are Harald Slott-Möller, who is what might be called both symbolical and a symbolist, and Joakim Skovgaard, who is affected by Fra Angelo and, naturally, by the Pre-Raphaelites. His art is so sincerely religious that he is generally acquitted, even by those who look on it as an

outworn process, of affection or imitation. His frescoes for the Cathedral at Viborg show a purity of line and an individuality of color which place him very high among modern painters of religious subjects.

Carl Bloch, whose pictures of



Painting by Joakim Skovgaard in Skagen Church

THE MANGER IN BETHLEHEM



Painting by Carl Bloch

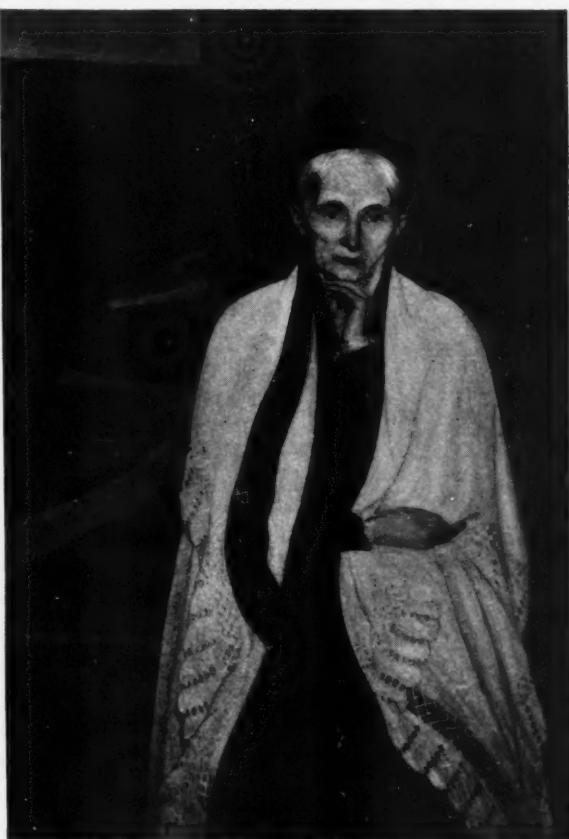
JAMES I VISITS TYCHO BRAHE AT HVEEN

Biblical themes every tourist sees in the Cathedral of Roskilde, seems to have had no influence on Skovgaard; he painted after the manner of the middle of the nineteenth century. Exner, of about the same period, whose pictures of peasant life have a great charm, although they are perhaps a little enameled, does not seem in any

way to have affected his successors, although the same reticence, or let us say refinement, which permeates the best types of Dutch art is noticeable in him, as well as in the unequaled Vilhelm Hammershöi, Halsøe, the interpreter of delicious silver tints in interiors, and Peter Ilstad, whose tinted etchings are the despair of imitators.

Christian Brinton, in an article on Scandinavian painters of to-day,* truly says that the "genesis of contemporary Danish art may be found in the minute and painstaking little landscape panels of Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersberg, and the line of development extends in an unbroken sequence through Købke and Lundbye down to the present day. . . . The Danes do not seem to feel the need of those vivid and often crudely contrasting appositions that confront one throughout Sweden."

Mr. Brinton touches on the marked difference between the men influenced by Eckersberg and those who, like Fritz Syberg, Johannes Larsen, and Peter Hansen, belong to what is called the "Fynish" school, who take their inspiration from the windy atmosphere of the Island Fyn. Ring, Einar Nielsen, and several others of the restrained school, scarcely known in this country, will repay the closest study on the part of some of our younger artists who have not yet learned that they may be self-controlled without being cold.



Painting by Einar Nielsen

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY WITH A WHITE SHAWL

* *Scribner's*, December, 1912.

The Bird-catchers

By HANS AANRUD

Translated from the Norwegian for the REVIEW

IT is the morning before Christmas with crackling cold and a sun like a large red disc sunk deep in the frost-mist to the south.

The valley is still dark and lies gray and cold under a smoke-yellow fog, but the light is creeping down the steep, snow-covered sides of the mountain; the mist is melting, and overhead the sky is quite clear—the highest spruce-tops in the horizon are touched with a faint, golden streak of sunlight.

Down there in the fog people are bustling about in last-minute preparations for the holidays. On every path there are hurrying figures; at every *gaard* the sound of chopping comes from the wood-block or the shed, as the Christmas fuel is piled up; huge baskets of hay are carried from hay-loft to stable, and the sheaf for the birds—the best the granary affords—is raised on its pole. In front of the church the sexton is clearing a wider path than usual to the main door, and on the road a solitary sleigh-bell tinkles where the doctor is driving homeward.

High above the church, in the shadow of the forest, lies a crofter's low hut, almost hidden under the snow, its walls thickly bearded with frost, the light from a fire of dry twigs shooting up through the broad chimney. Two boys of thirteen or thereabouts are coming out of the door, sturdy little fellows, with their pointed caps pulled down to their eyebrows, their mittens pulled up, and their snow-socks buttoned tightly around their knickerbockers.

They are the two mighty and inseparable hunters, Per of the farmhouse and Christian whose home is the crofter's hut.

For a moment they stand still, and the eyes of both follow the road as it winds in a sinuous, slanting line upward along the fences until it is lost in a black hole in the forest.

"It isn't going to be a good day for birds," says Per; "it's too clear overhead."

"Well, it doesn't matter to-day," Christian replies.

"No, it doesn't matter."

They pass by the side of the house; each takes a pair of skis standing there by the wall, lays them across his shoulder and adjusts the staff slantwise under them.

"I suppose we'd better go for the grouse-snares first."

"Yes, and the hare-traps. Let's go up through the Lie pasture."

They hunted birds together, Per and Christian, and bird-catchers have their own special duty to perform on Christmas Eve. They

were not out for an ordinary tour of inspection of their snares, and so were not keyed to the usual pitch of expectancy. On any other day they would have been sure of finding birds, though as a matter of fact they did not very often get anything; all they had ever caught was one white grouse and one heath-cock, but that was only because birds were so awfully scarce this year, for there were not many bird-catchers who could beat them at setting snares. Those intended for the grouse were hidden in the finest birch-twigs, perfect thickets of them stretching for long distances; and in front of the enclosures meant to entice the larger birds the ground was swept as clean as the best room at home and garnished with fresh juniper that covered the snow far and wide. The hare-traps were so dainty that the hare must at least have worn spectacles to see them. So it was natural enough that under ordinary circumstances they expected to find at the very least a capercaillie cock or its mate at the beginning of their rounds, and they never quite lost hope of getting anyway a heath-hen or a hazel-grouse before they had passed the last thicket. The birds would have to come down into the forest some time!

But the trip to-day was altogether different; for they were out to take down their snares, large and small. At Christmas there must be peace even in the forest; Christmas brings peace to birds and running animals. Not a single snare must be set; even the sharp, brightly-gleaming fox-trap, they knew, had to bite a stick instead of a fox's foot. And this was to last till the day after New Year's. To be sure, there were people who did not set their snares again till after Twelfth-day, but there ought to be some sense in everything; on New Year's Day the Yuletide was over, and it was nothing but papistical superstition about Twelfth-night Kari making her Christmas rounds at Twelfth-tide—so the schoolmaster had told them.

That was the reason why Per and Christian were plodding up through the pasture. It was steep, and they did not make much headway.

Hm! either that cap was mighty warm or else there was a change in the weather. At the edge of the forest Per stopped, pulled up his cap, and turned to look back: "Seems to me it smells like a thaw."

Christian lifted from his scarf a nose blue with cold. "It always smells like a thaw in this hill, seems to me, but I guess a fellow can get along without mittens now." He pulled off his mittens and stuffed them into his pocket.

They stood still a moment and looked down into the valley, where the frost-mist still hung heavy. They could barely see the dark, slate-covered steeple of the church looking very long and thin where it rose from the mist. Daylight was steadily gaining ground on the shady side of the mountain, but after a while it turned into a

woolly gray; the golden streak of sun along the top paled slowly; the sky lost its bright blue and sank heavily down to the spruce-tops which seemed almost to pierce it.

Yes, the weather was turning.

"I think it's going to be a good day for birds after all."

"That would be just our luck—now we've got to take the snares down."

"Well, there's nothing to be done about that."

"No, there's no help for it. If the birds do come down, though, maybe one or two of 'em will stay round till after New Year's, but it's a shame!"

They turned and presently had disappeared in the dark hole between the trees.

The forest was strangely dim and silent and bereft of life. Nothing living in sight—no trace of anything living. Even the squirrels lay still in their moss-lined nests, and the wood-mice snuggled deep in their holes. Not a breath of wind stirred in the spruce standing stiff and stark under the frozen snow. Not a sound was heard except the soft, measured crunching under their feet. Involuntarily they began to step still more cautiously and cast timid glances into the dim vaults that opened under the branches of the trees.

This lasted a long time; it seemed as though the forest would never end. They drew a breath of relief when the trees parted above them and they could see the Lie pasture ahead. There they put on their skis and went in through the gate.

Here were signs of life in plenty—deep tracks where the hare had crisscrossed over the meadow and circled every bush. But now the footprints were almost obliterated by melting and frost, and there were no new marks; even the hare was probably shivering under the thickest brush.

Well, then it didn't matter so much about taking down the hare-traps.

First they went to the hay-loft, where they had a double trap right in the door, and fastened up the noose carefully so as to leave the passage free. Now the hare could run in and out as much as he pleased. From there they went along the fence—they had a trap at every fence-post—and did the same.

Let all go free at Christmas!

On they went straight across the high pasture to the edge of the mountain tarn, where low willows grew. There they had prepared enclosures for the grouse; almost invisible they were with every twig covered by thick, fury frost. It was not worth while to take them all apart—just a poke here and there with the ski-staff was enough to make them collapse and the nooses drop down so that no grouse could possibly get his head into them. They walked along the

thicket twice to make sure that not a single clump of brush was forgotten. No, everything was all right, and at that they started to go back the way they had come, down toward the edge of the forest.

They were headed for the big bird-snares.

The silence no longer seemed so oppressive; they were getting used to it and no longer jumped whenever a mass of snow slid down from the branches of a spruce as they passed.

The sky was getting darker; the woolly gray color had spread all over it, and now and then a large, loose flake of snow came slowly sailing down through the air, but the fog had lifted—yes, the weather was turning. They hardly noticed it, for they were walking quickly, winding in and out among the spruce, in the direction of the part of the forest where the snares were set. They had no thought for anything except that the snares had to come down. Shouting and laughing, they leaped down the steepest places, tumbled and were buried in the drift, sprang up, shaking the heaviest snow from their caps, then pressed on again like snow-men in the woods. To-day there was no reason why they should be quiet.

Now there was only one enclosure left, the large one out on the knoll where they could look out over the valley. Usually they would take a roundabout way, but to-day they headed straight down.

Suddenly there was a loud rustling in the trees. A great black bird flew up, circled out over the knoll on widespread wings against a gray sky, swung round again and swept back into the forest, leaving a broad black wake where it brushed the snow from the branches.

Both boys stood stock-still, almost crouching, their faces pale and tense, their eyes following the flight of the bird and staring at the point where it had vanished. Then they started as from a trance, looked at each other, but did not speak for a few moments. Involuntarily their eyes turned again to the black track through the forest.

When Per tried to speak, he drew in his breath till he almost choked on the words. "The devil!"

"It must have been a capercaillie."

"If we'd come a minute sooner we might have caught it."

"Maybe it's broken the noose!"

They crept forward. All the tense caution of the woods had come over them again, and they advanced as stealthily as if there had been a bird in every bush. Ah, there were the tracks, like huge paws in the snow; there it had settled, had walked right up to the snare, but had flown up, apparently frightened, just at the moment when it was going to go in. The noose hung round and perfect—they surely had been near to catching it.

In their vexation they looked up at the sky and for the first time

noticed that it was beginning to snow. So now it was going to be just the right kind of weather; now the big birds would come down.

"Isn't that the darndest"—Per's voice was trembling.

"That fellow will come back all right now he's got a taste of the juniper," said Christian.

"He sure will, and he won't wait longer than till to-morrow either."

"There isn't a finer place in all the forest."

They discussed the matter from every angle, went over the tracks again, beat the snow down from the nearest branches as if by accident, and shook the pine and juniper twigs in the thicket till they stood fresh and green; angrily they tore off a few handfuls of juniper needles and threw them, as if in spite, in the direction of the snare. The juniper needles looked very green and inviting as they lay there on the white snow.

After a few minutes of this, they paused, and looked down over the valley, where the thickly falling snow drifted down in light, feathery masses. Both were silent as though each were waiting for the other to say something.

Finally Per spoke. "Well, I s'pose we'd better get started."

Christian looked at him uncertainly. "Ye-es, I s'pose we'd better. Do you want to go first?"

"No, you can go first."

Christian still lingered as though waiting for something; then he dug his staff deep down in the snow, took a start, and slid rapidly down the hill.

Per waited a moment and stood looking back over his shoulder at the bird-thicket. Ah, Christian was out of sight already; he had better get started too.

That last snare they forgot to take down.

"Strange how quiet Per is to-day," said his mother in the afternoon. "Is anything the matter, Per?"

No, nothing was the matter.

Per went about looking pale and dejected; he could not settle down to anything, but glanced at the weather every few minutes.

It was getting milder, and the snow fell evenly and thickly. Now and then Per would start for his skis, but each time he put them back to the wall again.

At last, while the others were at their dinner, he seemed to take a sudden resolve. Noiselessly he took down his skis, fastened them to his feet, and started across the field. When he had got behind the fence where he could not be seen from the house, he turned up the mountain. It was too steep for skis, so he took them off and, holding one in each hand, used them as paddles; in this way he

crawled up the mountain, leaving a deep track in the loose snow behind him. When he had gained the level of the crofter's hut, he stopped and peeped over the fence.

He wondered if Christian had gone out; his skis were not in their usual place by the wall. Perhaps he had gone down to get something at the store. In that case Per could have spared himself this roundabout way. But it might be that Christian had only taken his skis in to bend them. It was just as well to be on the safe side and keep to the way where he could not be seen from the window.

And Per plodded on behind the fence and did not turn into the road until he was far above the level of the crofter's place.

What the deuce—who could have passed here now? There were tracks in the road as if some one had walked dragging his skis after him. Well, it was no concern of Per's; he would have to hurry.

He fastened his skis on his feet again and went through the forest, as fast as he could in the new-fallen snow, straight for the knoll where they had seen the big black bird.

It was quite dark before he came so near that he could see the thickets where the snares were.

Per stopped and held his breath—there was something black moving over there. For a moment he was frightened, until he caught sight of a ski-staff standing straight up and down in the snow.

He approached cautiously. There was Christian kneeling in the snow, his mittens lying on the snow beside him, while he was busy taking down the snare.

"Is that you, Christian?"

Christian jumped up and stared at him. "Why, is that you, Per? How you scared me!"

Both stood looking rather sheepish. At last Christian said, "I got to thinking that we'd forgotten to take down this snare."

"That's just what I got to thinking of. But now you've done it, I see."

"Yes, it's all fixed." Christian put on his skis. "It certainly is snowing."

"Yes, and it's getting dark too. We'd better get started."

They stood ready to begin the downward trip.

Suddenly they felt a faint vibration in the air. It seemed as though a broad path had opened through the thickly falling snow; it was as though a stream of light were moving upward on this path, and with it came from afar the heavy clang of a bell that rose and fell.

They took off their caps.

"Now they're ringing in Christmas," said Christian.

"Yes," said Per. "Say, I guess we'll leave the snares down till after Twelfth-day."

With that they slid down the mountainside.



Illustration from an old Danish school-reader

TYRA DANNEBOD BUILDING DANNEVIRKE

Dannevirke

By FRODE C. W. RAMBUSCH

DANNEVIRKE, the ancient fortification on the border line of Denmark, which has stood for more than a thousand years as the bulwark of the Danish nation, is now a name that brings sorrow and sad memories to the hearts of Danes; and not only of Danes but of many others who believe that an old nation—a land never conquered—should have the right to live its own life and to develop whatever is good and valuable in its race. To all such it appears a cruel wrong when a strong and aggressive neighbor takes away by brute force smaller or larger parts of a country not its own, no matter how desirable a good harbor or other local advantage may appear.

Dannevirke itself and the historic facts connected with it disprove all German pretensions to ancient claims north of the Eider. Old sagas and traditions dating back long before the historic era often refer to the old fortification. They even relate how an attack

by the Germans on these ramparts caused all the Danish peoples to unite under one king whose name was Dan, and how the newly-founded kingdom was called after him "Danmark"—Dan's field or land. Another saga tells about King Vermund, who in his day won great victories over foreign invaders. When he became old and blind he was threatened by the Saxon king, who coveted his land, but his son Uffe, nicknamed "The Meek," suggested that the trouble be settled by a duel instead of by war and offered to fight against two at once—the son of the Saxon king and his best warrior. The fight was arranged "on the island in the Eider between the two countries," on the spot where Rendsborg now stands; here Uffe met and felled both his opponents.

The land bounded by these fortifications and the Slie Fjord on the north and by the Eider River on the south was in olden days a dense forest called Mörkved or Jernved (*ved*, woods), but the Eider was then, as it is now, the border line between the old Danish province, South Jutland, and the German province, Holstein. Part of this territory is even to-day called by the Germans Dänischwold, the Danish forest.

In *Tyrfing's Saga* we read about the maiden warrior, Hervor, who was entrusted with the position of Earl of the border line—"the good moat," as it is called in this tale. The Germans, who in this case as in several other Danish sagas are referred to as Huns, prepared an immense army, penetrated Morkved forest, and surprised the small band of warriors left there as "keepers of the moat." Hervor refused to retreat, and fought a desperate battle "before the south gate," the saga tells us. Her foster-father Orm got away after Hervor and nearly all her men had fallen, and brought the tidings to Hervor's brother, King Angantyr, saying:

"From the south I carry sad news for the country;
Laid waste are the plains at Morkved forest,
The ground is red with heroes' blood.
I saw a high-born virgin felled—
It was, my king, thy noble sister."

For a whole week, so the story goes, King Angantyr and his men fought the enemy and finally avenged Hervor, winning a great victory over the Huns.

At the dawn of Scandinavian history, we encounter the great emperor, Charlemagne. He had with difficulty conquered the largest of the German nations, the Saxons, whose land took in the entire territory from the Eider, the Danish border line, down through Holstein and all the other provinces to the mountains of Thuringia in the south and as far east as the Rhine. In the year 804, he was in Holstein subduing the last of the northern Saxon tribes, and he then sent an ambassador to King Godfred or Gotrik of Denmark

inviting him to a meeting at the boundary between their respective realms. The Danish king did actually come down to Hedeby at Slien (Slitorp, the Frankish historians call it) with his ships and cavalry, but was advised by his counsellors not to risk a visit to the powerful emperor. As Godfrey did not come, Charlemagne sent him word that he must deliver up all Saxons that had sought refuge in Denmark. It is not stated whether the king complied with the emperor's request, but four years later they were on the verge of war, because King Godfred had attacked the Obotrits, a Slavic nation inhabiting the eastern part of Holstein and what is now Mecklenburg. The Obotrits were subjects of Charlemagne and now asked him for protection against the Danes; a son of the emperor was sent with an army to assist them, and Godfred returned to his own country, where he made preparations for war.

The Frankish historians say that the Danish king built a rampart north of the Eider River, from the salt water in the east all the way to the water in the west, in other words, from Slien, a fjord of the Baltic, to the impenetrable swamps and small lakes that covered the area bordering the North Sea. The moat together with the earthen wall was called Kograv or Kovirke and can be plainly seen to this day. In answer to this, and for the protection of his own border, the emperor gave orders to build a strong fort in the northern part of Holstein where Itzehoe now stands. The warlike Godfred soon after attacked Friesland and threatened to invade Saxony, but was killed by his own men. His successor, Hemming, concluded peace and made the agreement with Charlemagne that the Eider should be, as before, the boundary line between Denmark and the empire. At a meeting on the border, ten men from each side took a solemn oath to keep the peace. The heathen Danes swore on their swords, but nevertheless proved themselves very unruly and warlike neighbors, so that the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in the empire were impelled to lay plans for the conversion of the Danes to Christianity.

In the year 823, a French archbishop, Ebo of Rheims, went to Denmark as a missionary. The results were but small, yet he at least persuaded one of the provincial kings, Harald Klak, to visit the emperor, Louis the Pious, at Engelheim, where he was treated with great kindness and honor. Soon Harald, his wife and son, and most of his followers accepted Christianity and were baptized at Mainz with great solemnity. Emperor Louis now wanted a priest to go with Harald to Denmark as a missionary, and a Benedictine monk, Ansgar, from Old-Corvey in Picardy, declared himself willing to go.

Ansgar and his friend, Audbert, accompanied the Danish king to the North in the year 826. In the town of Hedeby on the Slien, they

started the first Christian mission in Denmark and received permission to build a church. Hatteby—a corruption of the ancient name—is to-day a suburb of the City of Slesvig, so named from *Slie* and *vig*, a small bag. (The German name Schleswig has no meaning.)

After the missionaries at Hedeby had made themselves familiar with conditions among the Danes, they started other churches, not only in Denmark, but also in Sweden. Hedeby, so called from *hede*, heath, and *by*, town, very early became a center of business for the Northern peoples. Scandinavian products were sold and foreign merchandise was bought. The earls in Hedeby were men of importance, and especially one of them, by name Sigtryg, who was born in Sweden, became very prominent.

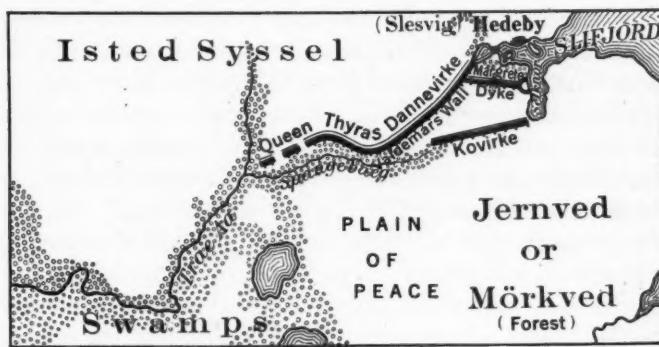
The old English historians mention a certain Ottar, a Norwegian, who told King Alfred the Great about the Scandinavian countries. In the account of his voyage from Oslo in Norway to Denmark he says: "On one side we had Jutland, on the other the Danish isles; we came to the Danish town Hedeby near the Saxon border." He also mentions the peninsula Angel north of the town.

As time went on, the powerful German empire across the river became more and more of a danger to the Danes; there were frequent wars, and Kograv proved an insufficient protection.

Toward the end of the ninth century, Queen Tyra became the promoter and leader of the erection of a new and very large fortification, Dannevirke, the Danish Work. One



SLESVIG IN THE MIDDLE AGES



DANNEVIRKE IN ITS ANCIENT FORM

part called Eastwall ran from a bay of the Slie eastward to Egeren Fjord and formed a protection for the peninsula Swansö. The Westwall, which is the real Dannevirke, began at Selk-nor. At the starting point, a semicircular rampart was built, which is probably the place referred to as Oldborg. From there the wall ran westward and joined a northerly section, then continuing in a southwesterly direction it ran out to the great swamp. From that point the moats and earthen walls skirted the swamp on the north side out to a small marshy river, Trae Aa, which ran out into the impenetrable morass that stretched to the North Sea. It is said that thousands of men from the various provinces of Denmark labored for three years to construct this strong and complete fortification. The length of Dannevirke, as it can be traced to-day, is eight miles. At the time of its construction, it was in no place lower than thirty feet and in some places as high as forty-eight feet. The top of this mound was about thirty feet broad. Earth and stone were the building materials, and the steep southern side was protected by palisades. For every hundred feet there was a tower or rather a bastion. Below the palisades there was a moat, nine fathoms in depth and ten fathoms in width. In its whole length, there was only one place where the moat could be crossed and only one passage through the mound, and this was called Karlegat or Viglidsdör; both words meaning "the door of the warriors."

Queen Tyra made herself very dear to her people, who honored her with the title of Dannebod, the benefactor of the Danes.

Dannevirke was then looked upon as impregnable, until King Otto the Second of Germany, in the year 974, succeeded in setting fire to the palisades and taking the wall by storm. The Danish army under King Harald Gormson was driven back to the Lim Fjord in North Jutland and had to seek peace. King Otto now built a castle called Reinholdsburg (Rendsborg) on the island in the Eider and placed a *Markgraf* with an army in charge of the fort. The king claimed the territory from the Eider northward to the Slie and opened up this woodland for German settlers. Up to that time, only a few Danes had cultivated farms south of the fortifications. The names in that district are nearly all of German origin, while those north of the Dannevirke, on the other hand, are distinctly Danish, and the same or similar names may be found in the other Scandinavian countries. The ancient inscriptions are written in the same Old Norse—the "Danish tongue" or "Norröna"—which in olden days was used from Dannevirke to the North Cape and from Uppsala to Iceland.

In the year 983, King Svend of Denmark conquered the *Markgraf's* castle, burned it, and killed the garrison. He strengthened Dannevirke by building a stone wall up against the south side in

place of the former palisades. Svend's son Knud, or Canute the Great, who also became king of England and Norway, was on friendly terms with Konrad the Second of Germany. They met in Rome, in 1027—Knud being there on a pilgrimage, while Konrad was about to be crowned by the Pope as emperor—and there they made an agreement that the old boundary line of the Eider should forever be the border line between the two countries, and the "rights," if any existed, and claims to the *Markgraf's* burg should be wiped out. From that time until 1864, the Eider was the boundary between Denmark and Germany.

At the death of King Harde Knud, in 1042, the Norwegian king, Magnus, the son of St. Olaf, inherited the crown of Denmark according to an agreement which the two kings had made. In his reign, he led the Danes and Norwegians against a great Slavic army which had devastated South Jutland. Near Dannevirke he won a great victory over the enemy and saved the country.

In the time of King Niels, who ruled from 1104 to 1134, Denmark suffered many attacks from the Germans and Slavs, until his wife, Queen Margaret, a Swedish princess, called "Fredkulla" (the peace maiden), came to the rescue. This good and energetic woman reinforced the weakest part of Dannevirke, from Selk-nor to the place called "Great Dannevirke," and this was afterwards named after her Margrete-Dige (Margrete's Dike). Her nephew, Knud Lavard, as Earl of Jutland, also strengthened the defenses, especially near Slie.

Knud Lavard's son, Valdemar the First, who was king of Denmark from 1154 to 1182, began a great reinforcement of Dannevirke, which was completed by his son Knud. A strong wall of burnt brick was built in front of the old stone wall and covered the most exposed part of the fortification, forming a breastwork two miles long and from six to eight feet thick rising above the great earthen wall. This was at that time considered a wonderful protection for the Danish nation, and the period that followed was a time of great development, prosperity, and rising power for Denmark. It has become famous in history as the glorious time of the Valdemars.

The early part of the fourteenth century shows an unfortunate decline of internal and external power. Some of the dukes in Slesvig had intermarried with German counts in Holstein and conspired against the kings of Denmark. Many battles had been fought in the meantime on the old battle-ground. Another Queen Margaret, King Christoffer's widow, had bravely driven out the German invaders from Jutland, but finally was defeated in a battle on the plains just south of Dannevirke and, with her young son Eric, was taken prisoner. In a later war, and in the same place, one of the last princes of the old royal house of Denmark lost his life, but his sister, the third Queen Margaret, brought back, at least for a time,

the glories of former days. It was under her that the three Scandinavian kingdoms were of their own free will united, but unfortunately she died childless, and princes of Mecklenburg, Bavaria, and Oldenburg were successively elected to the Danish throne. These foreign kings had no understanding of Scandinavian conditions, and the results were dissatisfaction, wars, and revolutions. Instead of guarding the frontier, they favored the German influence, as told in previous articles in the REVIEW.

A fatal mistake was made when Christian the Third, in 1536, separated the diocese of Slesvig from the ecclesiastical unity of all Danish bishops under the precedence of the archbishop of Lund and made it one unit with the German province Holstein. Before that time, the law allowed only men born in Denmark to hold ecclesiastical positions in Slesvig, but the union with Holstein in church matters opened the door to the influences of German "Kultur." Its progress was slow, however, and the people remained Danish in thought as in language.

Many battles have been fought at the old Dannevirke down through the ages. Its towering walls are sunken, but still the work of the Danish people of long ago stands out plainly in the landscape, reminding us of all that has taken place there, of the labor spent and the blood spilled. In 1862, an examination was made of the old fortification, and it was found that even then parts of the various sections built at different times could be traced; even remains of the old palisades were revealed under the masonry.

At the old Dannevirke, where the Danes for more than a thousand years have fought for their country, the Danish army again faced the ancient enemy in 1864, but before them stood the armies of the German Confederacy and Austria, the same enemies that we have been fighting. For the Danes, the task was, of course, an impossibility. In the snow, one gloomy February night, they had to retreat, had to give up the place where, for century after century, the ground had been made red with Danish blood.

I remember the time, although I was only a small boy, and never shall I forget the expression of deep sorrow that I saw in my home. There was not much excitement; the sorrow was too deep to find expression in words. "Will not one of the great nations help us?" was asked. The French, our friends, at whose side the Danes had stood in the Napoleonic wars when all others turned against them, or England, or our Scandinavian friends?

The Danish soldiers came through the village on their retreat northward. They had just fought and won a small battle at Vorbassee, and had taken thirty-two prisoners. The people laughed and cried, shook hands with the dragoons, and hurriedly brought out hot coffee and sandwiches. But this hour was only like a sunbeam in

the gloom. News came of battles lost and a great many of our young men killed. Then the Germans and Austrians came overrunning the country, and—worst of all—the “peace” by which Denmark gave up her southern province and the dukedoms. Holstein and Lauenburg were hardly mentioned among us; they were German and had often made trouble, but Slesvig, our own South Jutland, the object of all the fighting through the centuries!

England showed her good-will toward Denmark by objecting to Germany's crossing the Eider River and afterwards made the suggestion that Slesvig be divided in such a way that a large part of the northern section would have been left to Denmark. But sentiment and justice were not in Bismarck's line! What followed has already been told in the REVIEW.

We young Danes were brought up with the aspiration that some day we should take part in a war for the liberation of our brethren in Slesvig, but many of us got the longing to go out into the larger world, and we became Americans. This great country became our home and our pride, but a man's heart must be narrow indeed if there is not some love left for the home of his childhood.

I believe it was Lincoln who said, “A matter is not settled till it is settled right.” May not little Denmark hope that the wrong she suffered more than fifty years ago will be remembered when the time comes for a just and lasting settlement!

Norway's Father

On the Death of BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

By VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

*The late light falls on the mountain crest,
The sun goes royally down to the deep.
Weep, Synnöve, weep!
For great was the sun that sank to rest.
Poet, warrior, to strive is well.
Thou, sleeping chief, turnest home once more,
While round thy ship rolls the ocean swell
Toward Norway's crags and Sweden's shore.
It was brother-land; it is stranger-land.
We were hand-in-hand, but broken the band.
Yet the soul of the people deep within
Still breathes the eternal brother-song.
We stand and gaze at the sunset long,
And grieve for thee as one of our kin.*

Arthur Hubbell Palmer

IT seems possible to live a life so consistent that even death conforms. On November 6, Arthur Hubbell Palmer, Professor of the German Language and Literature at Yale University, passed away as quietly as he had lived.

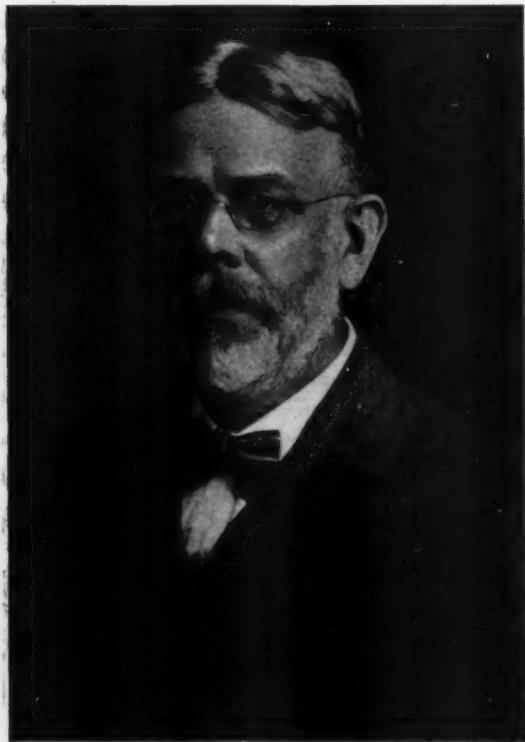
Arthur Hubbell Palmer was born at Cleveland, Ohio, June 30, 1859. He graduated from Western Reserve University and, after a year as teacher in a Cleveland high school, returned to his alma mater as an instructor. During the years 1881 to 1883, he continued

his studies at German universities, and at the close of the latter year returned to Western Reserve University as Professor of German. From 1886 to 1891 he served as librarian at Adelbert College, and while there he conceived the idea of raising funds to purchase for his alma mater the splendid collection of Professor Wilhelm Scherer, the first Germanic working library ever brought to this country. Professor Palmer's pioneer work in this connection resulted in his being called to Yale, where he remained until his death.

Professor Palmer broadened his study of the Germanic languages to include the Scandinavian and spoke Norwegian with fluency. His mastery of

English is best exemplified by his translation of Björnson's poems published in the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS. Gifted with a high poetical talent, he was especially inspiring as an interpreter of German poetry, particularly Goethe.

As a Trustee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, Professor Palmer was especially influential in shaping the course of its book publications. His careful judgment and fine literary standards have been of the highest value to the Committee on Publications.



ARTHUR HUBBELL PALMER

Our First Unsolicited Treaty

By ADOLPH BURNETT BENSON

The ambassador added that it was a pleasure to him to think, and he hoped it would be remembered, that Sweden was the first power in Europe which had voluntarily offered its friendship to the United States without being solicited.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN to ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, Passy, France, June 25, 1872.

THE recent conclusion of a commercial agreement between Sweden and the Allied powers recalls to mind the fact that Sweden was the first nation, unsolicited, to make a treaty with the United States. True, treaties with two other foreign powers were signed earlier; on February 6, 1778, Benjamin Franklin concluded a treaty of alliance between France and the United States, and on October 8, 1782, John Adams at the Hague signed a treaty of amity and commerce with the Netherlands. These compacts, however, were the result of earnest solicitation. The third treaty, that between Sweden and the United States, was signed at Paris, April 3, 1783, by B. Franklin and Gustav Philip Comte de Creutz, acting as agent of Gustavus III. By this covenant the oldest kingdom of Europe welcomed the free states across the Atlantic into the fellowship of international relations.

A most significant commentary is that of Bancroft, the American historian: "The governments of continental Europe vied with each other in welcoming the new republic to its place among the powers of the world. In May, 1782, as soon as it was known at Stockholm that the negotiations for peace were begun, the adventurous king of Sweden sent messages of his desire, through Franklin above all others, to enter into a treaty with the United States. Franklin promptly accepted the invitation. The ambassador of Gustavus at Paris remarked, 'I hope it will be remembered that Sweden was the first power in Europe which, without being solicited, offered its friendship to the United States.' Exactly five months before the definite peace between the United States and Great Britain was signed, the treaty with Sweden was concluded. Each party was put on the footing of the most favored nations. Free ships were to make passengers free as well as goods. Liberty of commerce was to extend to all kinds of merchandise. The number of contraband articles was carefully limited. In case of maritime war in which both the contracting parties should remain neutral, their ships of war were to protect and assist each others vessels. The treaty was

ratified and proclaimed in the United States before the definite treaty with Great Britain had arrived."

Franklin's mission in Europe was not an easy one. We see in his letters that it was a delicate matter to solicit recognition of American independence, and it was with profound encouragement that he welcomed the bold initiative of the Swedish representative. The first Franklin letter of importance is dated at Passy, France, March 31, 1779, and is addressed to Stephen Sayre, the American banker and patriot who "at Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Saint Petersburg was successful in obtaining supplies for the furtherance of the cause of independence."

"Sir, I have just received your favor of the 10th inst. from Copenhagen. The account you give of the disposition of the Swedish court is very agreeable. I saw in the newspapers that a deputy of Congress was in Stockholm; did you obtain audiences you mention on assuming that character? The information you did not choose to venture by the post from Copenhagen may be safely sent from Amsterdam."

The following item is an exact reproduction of an entry in Franklin's diary, dated at Passy, May 24, 1782. It shows the friendly attitude of both Denmark and Sweden, and evinces the Scandinavian admiration for the personal qualities of the American minister:

"All the Northern Princes are not ashamed of a little Civility committed towards an American. The King of Denmark travelling in England under an assumed Name, sent me a Card expressing in strong Terms his Esteem for me, and inviting me to dinner with him at St. James's. And the Ambassador from the King of Sweden lately ask'd me, whether I had Powers to make a Treaty of Commerce



Portrait by Duplessis in the Rosenbach Galleries, Philadelphia

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

with their Kingdom, for, he said, his Majesty was desirous of such a Treaty with the United States, had directed him to ask me the Question, and had charg'd him to tell me, that it would flatter him greatly to make it with a Person whose Character he so much esteem'd, &c."

On May 29, the Swedish minister told Franklin he expected orders from his court relative to a treaty and, on June 25, Franklin writes to Robert R. Livingston, Secretary of Foreign Affairs:

"The ambassador from Sweden to this court applied to me lately to know if I had the powers that would authorize my making such a treaty with his master in behalf of the United States. Recollecting a general power that was formerly given to me with the other commissions, I answered in the affirmative. He seemed much pleased. The ambassador added that it was a pleasure to him to think, and he hoped it would be remembered, that Sweden was the first power in Europe which had voluntarily offered its friendship to the United States without being solicited. This affair should be talked of as little as possible till completed."

By December, 1782, both Creutz and Franklin had received their official instructions to proceed with the negotiations, and on the fourteenth of the month, the latter makes this entry:

"We agreed to meet on Wednesday next to exchange copies, and proceed to business. His [the Swedish ambassador's] commission had some polite expressions in it, to wit: 'that his Majesty thought it for the good of his subjects to enter into a treaty of amity and commerce with the United States of America, who have established their independence, so justly merited, by their courage and constancy'; or to that effect."

On Christmas Eve Franklin reports to Livingston that full powers have been exchanged with the Swedish minister, and that the latter had "dispatched a courier for further instructions respecting some of the articles." On April 15, 1783, we know the treaty is concluded.

"I send herewith another copy of the treaty concluded with Sweden. I hope, however, that you [Livingston] have received the former, and that the ratification is forwarded. The king, as the ambassador informs me, is now employed in examining the duties payable in his ports, with a view of lowering them in favor of America, and thereby encouraging and facilitating our mutual commerce."

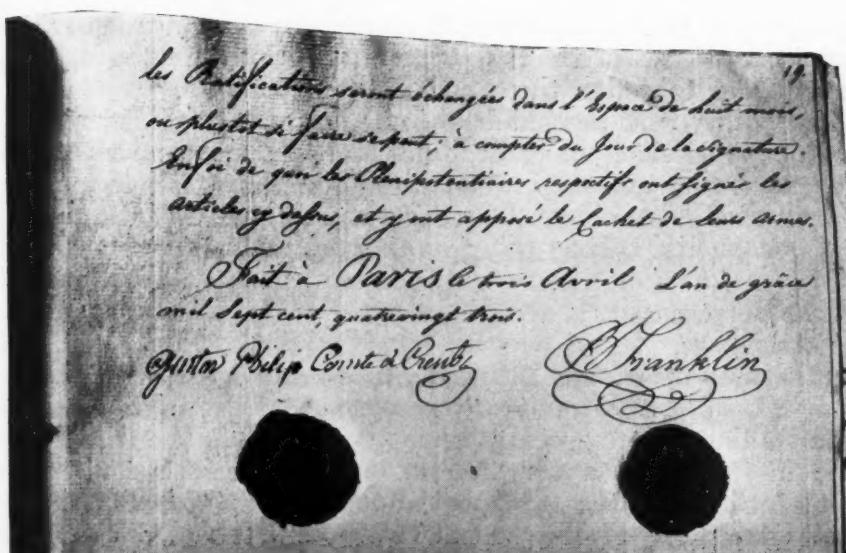
This action on the part of the Swedish sovereign speaks for itself. In the interim, as seen in an omitted portion of the last letter, Denmark also became disposed to negotiate a treaty with the new republic, and on June 12, 1783, Franklin reports progress on the new treaty to Livingston:

"I wrote to you fully by a vessel from Nantes, which I hope will

*Traité d'Amitié et de Commerce conclu
entre la Majesté le Roi de Suède et les Etats Unis de
l'Amérique Septentrionale. —*

*S*es Grâces le Roi des Suèdes et des Finlandes &c. &c. &c.
Et les Très Réunis Etats Unis de l'Amérique Septentrionale, favoris
New-Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut,
New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, les Comtés de
New-Castille, de Kent et de Sussex sur la Delaware, Maryland,
Virginie, Caroline Septentrionale, Caroline Meridionale et
Géorgie,欲ent d'établir d'une manière stable et
permanente les règles qui doivent être suivies relativement
à la Correspondance et au Commerce que les deux Parties
ont jugé nécessaire de faire entre leurs Pays, Etats et Sujets
respectifs. La Majesté et les Etats Unis ont une
pouvoir mieux rempli about qu'en posant pour base
de leurs Arrangements, l'Utilité et l'avantage reciproques
de deux Nations, en évitant toutes les Différences onéreuses
qui font nécessairement une source de discours, dommages
et de mécontentement; et en laissant à chaque Partie
la liberté de faire un sujet du Commerce et de la
Navigation, les règlements intérieurs qui feront à
la Couronne.

Dans



SIGNATURES OF COMTE DE CREUTZ AND FRANKLIN ON THE TREATY OF 1783

reach you before this. If not, this may inform you that the ratification of the treaty with Sweden is come, and ready to be exchanged when I shall receive that from Congress; that the treaty with Denmark is going on, and will probably be ready before the commission for signing it arrives from Congress. It is on the plan of that proposed by Congress for Sweden."

In other words, the treaty with Sweden became the model for similar agreements with other countries, especially neutrals, which now believed it safe to follow suit and enter into negotiations.

On June 13, 1783, the new ambassador from Sweden, Baron de Staël—Count de Creutz had been called home to become chancellor of the kingdom—writes to Benjamin Franklin regarding a matter of a more personal nature. After referring to "his Majesty's ratification of the treaty of commerce concluded with the United States," he continues:

"Permit me, Sir, on this occasion to repeat the request which the [former] ambassador has made you, respecting Mr. Franklin, your grandson. He had the honor to tell you that it would afford the king a pleasure to have a person residing with him, in the capacity of the minister of Congress, who bears your name in conjunction with such estimable qualifications as young Mr. Franklin possesses. He charged me, before he departed, to repeat to you the same assurances, and you will allow me to add, on my part, my best wishes for the success of this matter. I have the honor to be, etc.

LE BARON DE STAËL."

It had not taken the Swedish court very long to discover the personal excellences of the American envoyé and his grandson, and it was willing to judge the whole American nation by the extraordinary ability and personality of the Franklins. Incidentally, it should be noted that young Franklin had had seven years of diplomatic experience and was well suited for the office in question. Denmark was also anxious to receive the grandson in Copenhagen in a like capacity. That the grandfather was immensely gratified at this Scandinavian tribute to his family, and thus to the nation which he represented, is seen in a letter to Livingston of July 22 of the same year.

In the Report of the "United States in Congress Assembled" for July 29, 1783, the treaty with Sweden and the minutes of ratification leading thereto occupy seventeen pages. The treaty itself, printed in French, is a very liberal but comprehensive document, "having for its basis the most perfect equality, and for its object the mutual advantage of its parties." We find that Congress had empowered Franklin to make this treaty on September 8, 1782, and "every article and clause thereof" was now ratified and confirmed. The treaty is framed in such a form as to avoid, in the introductory words of the document, "all onerous preferences, which are ordinarily a source of discussions, embarrassment, and discontent." It makes careful provisions both for times of peace and war, and seems to cover every imaginable problem in international navigation, from the disposal of deceased seamen to the definition of contraband. The harbors of either party are to serve as places of refuge for the other, from storms, enemies, and pirates. The most striking characteristic of the whole treaty is its unequivocal spirit of good-will and friendliness.

By November 1, 1783, our ratification of the Swedish treaty had arrived in France, and the conclusion of the Danish treaty waited "only for the commissions and instructions from Congress." In March, 1784, the final exchange of ratifications of the Swedish treaty took place.

The significance of our early relations with Sweden can be understood only when we remember the contem-



AXEL ROBERT NORDVALL, COMMISSIONER OF THE ROYAL SWEDISH GOVERNMENT, WASHINGTON, 1918

porary diplomatic standing of the Swedish monarchy among the other European nations, and particularly its intimate relation with the French government.

No European court was more French in sympathy, or more closely connected with France at the time, than the Gustavian régime in Stockholm, and certainly no foreign representative exerted a greater influence at the French capital than the Swedish ambassador, Count de Creutz. He was possessed of unusually effective qualifications for his position. At the time when he was urging a treaty with the United States, he had been nineteen years in the diplomatic service, sixteen of which had been spent as minister to France. He was well acquainted with the European powers and their agents, and, though young in years, enjoyed the respect which properly belongs to a senior in the diplomatic corps. Besides, Creutz was a distinguished man of letters, who in his day had written some excellent Swedish poetry in the academic French style, and this increased his circle of influential friends. He was just as much at home in a fashionable literary salon as in the offices of the embassy or at the court, and he was recognized abroad both as a man of esprit and as an astute and reliable diplomatist. When he passed a judgment, others listened; when he determined a course of action, others were prone to follow.

Swedish sympathy for American independence, however, was something more than a personal relation of its diplomatic agent to another or the feeling of one for the other. The attitude of the Swedish government was the sincere attitude of the whole nation, and the hand offered by Creutz was offered in spirit by all his countrymen. Swedish poets sang the praises of the new democracy. Bengt Lidner, who was secretary to Creutz for a short time, paid a brilliant tribute to the whole American cause in his enthusiastic review, *The Year 1783*, and a few years later Johan Olof Wallin, archbishop and Sweden's greatest hymnodist, eulogized the leader of the American independence in his passionate dithyramb, *George Washington*.

Scandinavian Interchange

By N. V. BOEG

THE three Scandinavian countries differ greatly both in regard to their situation in normal times and in the special circumstances that have grown out of the World War and brought them into their present difficult position. There is, however, one point on which they are alike, and that is in their dependence on imports from the outside. The difficulties that have arisen with regard to these imports, not only in maintaining the absolute minimum of requirements especially of food, but also in securing the necessary raw materials for the different industries, further the supplies of kerosene and gasoline, lubricants, coal, and fertilizers, need not be pointed out in this special instance, as the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW has done a most desirable and successful work along these lines.

The consummation of general trade agreements between the United States and the three Scandinavian countries will, of course, have great effect in relieving the privations under which these countries are suffering, but even with the conclusion of such agreements, these difficulties can only to some extent be eliminated. In these three Northern kingdoms—more or less isolated from the outside world—attempts are therefore being made to replace the necessary imports with articles of home origin. Up to the present moment this has been possible only to a limited extent, but everything is being done to further utilize the different raw materials originating in each of the countries. There have been exhibitions of substitutes produced from them, and much hope is attached to their further development. Many materials to which no attention was given in former times, as it would not pay to handle them in competition with articles imported from other parts of the world, are now given the most careful and minute consideration. It is one of the very few advantages which this World War has brought to the economic life of the nations that it has developed the greatest skill and ability in finding ways of trying to replace with other materials commodities which formerly were looked upon as quite indispensable, thereby creating many new and most useful—in the present serious situation, even absolutely necessary—industries.

This, however, is nothing peculiar to Scandinavia. The proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," is quite cosmopolitan, although the long line of privations and hardships that have made themselves felt throughout all Europe will perhaps not be so easily understood in this country with its immense resources of every kind.

Yet there is in the position of these three kingdoms at the present time one thing quite individual, and that is the way in which they are

now trying to assist one another in their distress. It will be easily understood that the Scandinavian countries, with their different geographical position and different natural products and resources, in many ways have quite varied interests. The mere political situation is not here taken into consideration. But differences in interests and divergence in national character and views have not been strong enough to eliminate that feeling of relationship and common national origin which during past centuries has at times been somewhat latent; and the present situation has brought the three kingdoms together in a strong effort to support one another, not only by exporting of their surplus resources, but also by extending help to their neighbors, even at the cost of the greatest sacrifices.

The exchange of commodities began to a greater extent in the early spring of 1917 with a meeting in Stockholm, which has been followed by subsequent conferences in Christiania, Stockholm, and most recently in Copenhagen.

This exchange, which from the very beginning met with great sympathy in Sweden as well as in Denmark, and which Norway now has joined with much appreciation of its mutual benefits and advantages, has assumed considerable proportions. Denmark, for instance, exported to Sweden during January-February, 1917, food-stuffs worth only 850,000 kroner, whereas this exportation during the same period in 1918 amounted to about 24,000,000 kroner. This figure needs no further comment.

Denmark is placing at the disposal of her two Scandinavian friends such foodstuffs as can in any way be spared, chiefly butter, eggs, meat, and cheese, which are the main export articles of the Danish farming industry. Further, Denmark is exporting to Norway and Sweden different beets and seeds, as also sugar and some raw materials for manufacturing. Last, but not least, Denmark has placed grain at the disposal of those countries.

The situation in Denmark is, on account of ceasing imports very difficult, and the rationing of bread and flour is strict, but nevertheless it is hoped that greater quantities of grain may also in the future be exported to Norway and Sweden. In exchange, Denmark has received Norwegian saltpeter, and I understand Sweden has also imported a quantity of this commodity. Norway will further export certain chemical products as well as ores and minerals of various kinds.

Sweden will place at the disposal of Norway and Denmark iron and steel ware, wood and wooden ware, machinery, paper, wood pulp and other products of wood such as turpentine, wood tar, and certain tanning materials. Norway is also receiving electrodes, earthenware, and various other articles.

In this brief review it is, of course, not possible to do more than

mention the principal articles of interchange, but I believe enough has been said to show that this new movement is of the greatest importance, inasmuch as the feeling of mutual understanding and the sense of common interests have found expression in the coöperation here outlined, and the exchange of commodities is based on mutual confidence and a strong desire to assist one another in the present serious situation. This confidence and the ever-increasing sympathy among the kingdoms of Scandinavia is a factor which is not only of very great importance at present, but which also is an indication of how the future life of these three neutral nations may develop in coöperation for their common righteous cause.

September, 1918.

Amber

By HOLGER DRACHMANN

Translated from the Danish by J. BUNTZEN

*They walked by the merry blue sea,
And lightly the billows were playing,
And brightly the whitecaps were spraying.
They wandered along, on search intent,
Stopping and stooping, as on they went—
And amber found he.*

*She got what he took from the sea,
Polished and cut like a heart to delight her,
No star in the firmament ever shone brighter.
It lay on her bosom, she kissed it each day—
Then gave she her own away,
As living a heart as could be.*

*He sails, and alone now she is,
No more in this life has she met him,
And yet she can never forget him.
In sorrow and joy she carries his heart
On hers, and she never can tear them apart—
Though amber is his.*

Slesvig Forum

A Letter from the President

The White House

Washington, November 12, 1918.

My dear Mr. Bodholdt:

In addressing myself to you I wish to include not only Mr. Carl Plow of Petaluma, California, and Mr. Jens Jensen of Chicago, who with you have been the chief spokesmen of Slesvig in this country, but all the Slesvigers who have signed the petition directed to me as well as the still greater number of Americans of Danish race who have endorsed that petition.

The statement you have given me signed by former residents of Slesvig and endorsed by a still greater number of Danes, all now American citizens, voices anew an unforgotten injustice. I can but assure you that your appeal to America's sympathy and passion for justice will not go unheeded, for it finds itself wisely upon the rights of men to rule themselves and to choose the manner in which that self-rule shall be exercised. I do not doubt that your voice and that of your former countrymen will be heard and heeded wherever the thought of the nations turns to the righting of old wrongs kept fresh by the lengthened oppression of the intervening years. It is for the whole world which has borne the burdens of war to share in the adjustments of peace. Not America alone, but all the peoples now quickened to a newer sense of the values of justice must join in the relief of a grievance whose continuance would traverse the principles for which more than a score of nations are now fighting.

Please accept on behalf of the Slesvigers in this country my thanks for the faith of which their petition is an evidence and, on behalf of your race in the old country, my earnest wish for the hastening of the day when right and justice shall prevail to deliver them from oppression.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

REV. K. C. BODHOLDT

816 Union Street, Racine, Wis.

We do not desire a boundary rectification giving Denmark territory south of the line that divides Danes from Germans. We desire a rectification that shall wipe out the wrong, not one that merely shifts it. If the Danish North-Slesvigers will declare by their vote that they desire to be united with Denmark, we shall be happy to receive them, but we do not wish to offer frontier people of another nationality conditions that we refuse for our own countrymen. Under no conditions will we be the guardians of the Kiel Canal.

Nationaltidende, Copenhagen.

PROFESSOR L. V. BIRCK.

The reports about a republic of Schleswig-Holstein have alarmed me. Holstein has always been the hotbed of trouble; it caused the war in '48 and again in '64. Holstein, and especially the section south of the Kiel Canal, is strongly Pan-German. It is the home of the Rantzaus and Reventlows and the seat of Kiel University. If a republic has been formed, its purpose can only be to prevent the Kiel Canal from becoming the new boundary between Germany and Denmark. But remember that the canal would still be in the control of Germans and some of the strongest Pan-Germans. Germany as a republic can foster the Pan-German spirit just as vigorously as under the empire. Personally I insist

on Slesvig to the Dannevirke. I do not believe in the plebiscite. If it has to take place, the German troops and police and civil officers should leave the country and Allied troops take possession during the plebiscite.

Chicago.

JENS JENSEN.

In acknowledging the receipt of your September-October issue, for which I thank you, may I not suggest that this is a document of such importance to Americans generally that steps should be taken by you at once to give it wider publicity? Germany can claim Alsace and most of Lorraine with far greater show of justification and indeed with greater color of ethnologic right than is the case with Slesvig. Yet there is danger that, unless there is now undertaken that persistent, drastic, courageous, cogent, and patient campaign of education which underlies every turn of public opinion, the peace table will hardly touch the Slesvig question, much less solve it as it should be solved. There is danger that it will be swamped and submerged in the multitude and magnitude of seemingly weightier matters.

Germany will be anxious to have it forgotten. To Germany it is of greater consequence to have Slesvig overlooked than to retain Alsace-Lorraine. To the rest of the world it should be one of the crucial points of the treaty. Germany may retrocede Alsace-Lorraine, compromise or surrender everything conquered on the Adriatic and in the Balkans, agree to a free Poland and an independent Bohemia; but with a strangle hold on Slesvig and the Kiel Canal and with command of the Russian hinterland, Germany wins the war! Let us therefore be warned against the conclusion of any peace that does not restore Slesvig to Denmark and open the Kiel Canal to the world on the same terms as Panama and Suez.

The time to make Slesvig and Kiel cardinal articles of the coming peace treaty is now.

Chicago.

C. C. PETERSON.

Denmark could not enter the present war for the purpose of recovering her unredeemed territory. Germany was in a position to overwhelm her. But the Danish people have been eagerly awaiting the German defeat and a chance to present to the peace conference which is to free other suppressed peoples the claims of the steadfast Danish population of Northern Schleswig. The wrong done them is as flagrant as that done the people of Alsace-Lorraine, of Poland, Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Transylvania, and the Italian Irredenta. It should be righted.

The New York Tribune.

The Kiel Canal should be neutralized. Not only Schleswig but Holstein, through which the canal runs, should be given back to Denmark.

The New York Times.

The old Schleswig-Holstein question is as dead as a door-nail. The new issue will be known as the Schleswig or South-Jutland question. What we may expect to hear about it is the elemental fact that Schleswig, or South Jutland as the Danes call it, has been Danish from the beginning of history, that it is inhabited principally by Danes, and that it has wrongfully been a part of the German Empire for fifty-four years. We shall also hear that Denmark holds a promissory note for the return of Schleswig.

The New York Evening Post.

Editorial

NEUTRALS AT THE PEACE TABLE

The neutrals have carried their share of the burdens of war and should be allowed a voice in settling the provisions of peace, many of which concern them vitally. There is, for instance, the question of compensation for torpedoed ships. When the unlimited U-boat warfare went into effect, in February, 1917, the three Scandinavian governments sent Germany identical notes of protest, reserving the right to call her to account for any losses of life and property that might ensue. Sentiment in Norway—the chief sufferer—is strong for demanding full restitution, and action is no doubt being taken either by the Government or by the semi-official Shipowners' Association. The resources of Norway are still scanty in spite of the much vaunted "gold stream" that has lately been fertilizing her commerce, and the destruction of her ships will cripple her merchant marine, her chief asset, for many years to come. Compensation should also be given to the families of men who have perished on torpedoed ships. The widows and orphans of men who have died for the freedom of the seas is the care of the whole democratic world, just as much as the survivors of those who have made their sacrifice for freedom on the battle-field. Temporary assistance has been given them in Norway from the already overburdened treasury of the state, but with the understanding that permanent provision would have to be made at the close of the war. Obviously, this provision should come from Germany. Neutral demands have lately been formulated by the Scandinavian-Netherlands Conference of shipping interests held in Copenhagen in the early days of October, and these should be made the basis for discussion at the peace negotiations.

Threats of a commercial war after the war are heard with apprehension in neutral countries. The President has said that punitive tariff discriminations may be employed by the League of Nations. The Scandinavian people are afraid that this may mean a positive boycott of Germany, a course which they would regard as a breach of the official neutrality they preserved throughout the war in the face of the greatest provocation. They should be allowed to present their side of the case.

Finland and Slesvig offer other problems that concern the North as a whole. A weak, disunited Finland, falling easily into the hands of one of the great powers, would be a constant danger to Sweden and Norway. On the other hand, a strong Finland built up on a democratic foundation would be an extension to the east of the liberal principles that prevail in Scandinavia. Rage as they may, the Fennomans cannot undo the historic fact that the political institutions as well as the culture of Finland are based on those of Sweden. The

free development of a new Finland, without the blight of Prussianism, would make her in the best sense a buffer state between the East and the West. The Scandinavian peoples are better fitted than any one else in the world to disentangle the snarl of racial, historical, and economic issues in Finland as also in Slesvig, and the arbiters of nations should seek their aid.

**THE BOUNDARIES
OF SLESVIG**

The REVIEW in its Slesvig number advocated the return to Denmark only of those northern districts which were promised a plebiscite by the famous Paragraph V of the Prague Treaty in 1866. The Danes in North Slesvig have never admitted that this paragraph was annulled. Their representatives in the Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag have never ceased to insist that its provisions be carried out; only a few weeks before the armistice, H. P. Hanssen reminded the imperial government of its long-forgotten promise of self-determination for North Slesvig. For more than half a century these people have carried on their battle, and they are to-day a Danish community within the Prussian state, bound to one another and to the mother country by the closest ties of race, language, sympathy, and social and economic interests.

We have been unwilling to claim for these doughty fighters more than they claim for themselves, but we are thoroughly alive to the strong reasons for extending the line southward to the historic boundary at the Eider. This would keep Slesvig intact and give Denmark the historic spots that are sacred with the memories of a thousand years. All the imponderable values of sentiment, affection, pride in noble deeds, center around Dannevirke, which has always been the symbol of Danish national entity. The voices of the past call for its return to Denmark. Nor is it at all unlikely that the South-Slesvigers now would be only too glad, in the cataclysm that has befallen Germany, to come under the peaceful sway of Denmark.

We cannot see, however, how any friend of Slesvig can argue for the "return" of Holstein. There has never been any such country as Schleswig-Holstein; the word is a misnomer. Holstein has been German land from prehistoric times, just as surely as Slesvig has been Danish. Nor has there ever been any love lost between them. On the ill-fated Easter Day of 1848, Dannevirke was drenched—as many, many times before—with the blood of Slesvigers defending the Danish realm against Holsteiners and Germans. Two years later, a deputation of Slesvigers waited on Frederik the Sixth with a petition saying: "We desire nothing more than to have the old unhappy, and in its consequences so fatal, union with the German state Holstein abolished; for only this has given Germany a seeming right

and pretext to mix in the affairs of Denmark and Slesvig, whereby so much suffering and unhappiness have come over our beloved land."

There has been nothing in recent history to change this opinion. In fact, the efforts of the Slesvig representatives in the Prussian Landtag on behalf of their constituents have no bitterer enemies than their neighbors, the Holsteiners. The old cleavage is the same, though a new issue has been added with the Kiel Canal. If there is any truth in the boast that the people are to rule in this new day, if "interests" are not to inherit the privileges of kings, Slesvig and Holstein should be allowed to dissolve their unhappy union.

PRINCE AXEL In the course of his nine thousand miles of travel through the United States as guest of the navy, Prince Axel of Denmark has shaken hands with thousands of our people and met every type of citizen. No admiral, no one of the many mayors who entertained him, offered a more distinguished mark of our good-will than the miner who said, "Prince, give me a cigarette." "Just to break the ice," as he afterward explained, "by asking him to give me something." This frank and gracious young representative of Northern royalty required no such encouragement to win his friendship. Dr. Egan, former minister to Denmark, in introducing His Royal Highness at a luncheon in New York, declared him to be "a sailor prince, cousin of the three most democratic kings in Europe, King Haakon, King Christian, and King George of England."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS President Wilson, in his address of September 27, 1918, made clear that peace must be contingent upon the establishment in the peace conference of a League of Nations, *an instrumentality by which the peace of the world can be guaranteed*. While some have felt that now was the acceptable time and that the Allied and neutral nations should proceed forthwith to draw up in anticipation a covenant to become effective and binding upon the signing of general peace, they bow gladly to the President's maturer judgment. Many Americans of Northern descent deplore the fact that as yet, to our knowledge, no statesman of the Scandinavian Powers, in his official capacity, has made public declarations of his endorsement of a League of Nations. Representatives of Spain and Switzerland have done so. That the people of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden are eager to be parties to such an instrument, we entertain no doubt. In this connection, however, we may, quoting Christian L. Lange, secretary of the Interparliamentary Union, "call attention to the fact that the three Scandinavian Governments have instituted committees charged with the examination and working out of all questions bearing on the safeguarding of the common interests of neutral States at the conclusion of the war and

afterwards. These three committees, each composed of three members, have held common consultations in Copenhagen during May." Partial acceptance is implied in a letter addressed to Theodore Marburg, and dated October 6, 1916, by the Foreign Minister of Denmark, Erik Scavenius, as follows:

"The object for which the 'League to Enforce Peace' is specially working, viz., compulsory arbitration for international differences not settled by diplomatic negotiations, has at all times had full sympathy of the Danish Government. It will be sufficient in that respect to refer to the numerous arbitration treaties concluded by the Danish Government with other States, and to the fact that the treaty of February 12, 1904, between Denmark and the Netherlands is the first treaty submitting to international arbitration all differences without exception. I may also refer to the standpoint taken by the Danish Government in respect to this question at the Second Hague Peace Conference in the year 1907. I should esteem it a most valuable gain for the peace of the world if those principles could attain general recognition."

THE REVIEW IN THE NEW ERA A merry Yuletide and a happy New Year to you all! The coming of peace makes it possible for the REVIEW to carry out in 1919 a fuller programme than we had thought possible even a few weeks ago. The Yule Number this year appears in an edition sixteen pages bigger than any number we have printed before. As soon as the war restrictions on magazine publishing are removed, we mean to make the REVIEW a monthly. This change is imperative because of the constant enlargement of its field. During the period of reconstruction, vital international problems will continue to occupy much space, just as they have done during the war: and with the added pages it will be possible to treat them adequately without forcing other topics to the wall. Some of our most devoted readers have asked us why we have had fewer articles on art and literature lately; we are glad to tell them that in the new era these purely cultural subjects will be given a place of honor. But while we are planning to increase the number of our pages, every page costs more than it did in ante-bellum days for paper, printing, and distribution. The Trustees have therefore decided to raise the price of the REVIEW to \$2.00 a year instead of \$1.50, as announced in our last issue, and to make it the same for Associates and other subscribers. We earnestly believe that all friends of the REVIEW will feel that it is well worth the new price.